THE RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS

REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNALIST.

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

XXXII.

NEWSPAPER DIDACTICS.

TRAINING FOR JOURNALISM—THE OFFICE THE BEST SCHOOL—WASTED OPPORTUNITIES—WHAT A REAL NEWSPAPER IS—THE OLD EDITORS—THE REWARDS OF JOURNALISM—ITS ASSOCIATIONS AND DIGNITY.

I said in my last chapter that men drift into journalism, I ought to have added that this is not so nearly true as it once was. Lads who have been liberally educated turn their backs oftener than was once common upon law, physic and divinity and seek employment which they hope to make permanent from some respectable public journal. I believe that they are rather astonished, if they are not met by the editors with arms wide open and invited at once to the higher seats and services of the sanctuary. A brisk young fellow may be much disappointed, and naturally a little mortified to find that there is nothing for him but running after fires and reporting robberies; that there is no market in the newspaper offices for his Greek, Latin and Mathematics; and that he must go through a pretty stiff and prolonged apprenticeship before he can hope for promotion. If he be wise, he does as well as he can what is given him to do, exhibits all possible industry, guards himself sedulously against bad habits of life, begins at once the study of public affairs, reads whenever he can find opportunity, the best books, and so prepares himself for the higher business of his chosen profession. This matter of training for journalism has been often discussed, and in many respects the discussion has been profitable. I used to think that distinct and separate schools for educating young men to the vocation would be eminently useful; years ago I wrote as well as I could, an article, which was printed in *The Independent* newspaper, suggesting such institutions. Nobody paid the least attention to it, and possibly it did not deserve any. I have so far modified my opinion that I now think the best school to be the newspaper office itself. Nothing so keeps men learning as the sharp spur of necessity. Nothing makes men thoughtful like a sense of responsibility. There is nothing like the discipline of being told plumply that you have done bad work, and that there will be no more work for you to do, if you cannot do it better. I want those brisk-minded lads, who have taken salutatories and valedictories, and college prizes without number, to comprehend that newspaper management is merciless, and not in the least a respecter of persons. I suppose that it was the sophomoric airs which these young fellows pleased to put on which made Mr. Bennett, who had a first rate journalistic instinct, generally decline to give them employment. He used to say that it would take longer to train them than they would be worth after training. Mr. Greeley, who had a fine literary taste, and a warm respect for men of letters, was more considerate of their feelings, but he was not less a severe judge of their performance. He was very shy of too much writing, and no flux of words ever concealed from his sharp intellect poverty of thought. No article suited him which did not have a real purpose, and was not written in a way likely to promote it.

I have said that the newspaper office itself is the best school of journalism. This is probably the reason why in past times, practical printers have sometimes made such good editors. They had mastered the economy of the whole business. They knew, while they were writing it, how a thing would look in type. Business brought them into constant association with men of all classes of society. The "art preservative of all arts" was in itself a liberal education. Whatever happened in the world at large, was brought directly to their notice and was reproduced for the reader, partly through the medium of their own intelligence and skill. In stormy political times those who were fighting the battle could not do without the newspaper, any more than they can now. The printer became an important person. He did not always, indeed not often, develop into a famous public character; but if he did not wear a sword, the sign of a gentleman, by his side, as Gutenberg and Faust and the other early printers did, it was because everybody had given up such mark of social distinction.

There are many things which it behooves a journalist to know which can hardly be learned outside the office; but there is much not less needful, which may and indeed must be acquired beforehand. If there be any young gentleman, in college or elsewhere, who may read this paper, and who intends to engage in the profession of which it treats, I would fain impress upon his mind the necessity of full and accurate knowledge, especially of American history. At nineteen, it is easy and pleasant to spend one's spare time in the desultory reading of novels, of poetry, of light and amusing essays; it is not so pleasant afterward, when a man is thrown upon his own resources to find them wofully wanting. I ought to speak knowingly, I am sure that I speak feelingly, upon this point; for, put to the confession, I should be obliged to say that all my life I have been trying, and trying in vain, to make up for lost chances. Only the other day I attended, for the first time in twenty years, a college commencement. I happened to go into the room of a young gentleman, the place in which he is supposed to be preparing for the serious business of life. I was much astonished at the extreme scantiness of his library; but to compensate for this bibliographical paucity he had, if I counted rightly, one piano-forte, two guitars and a banjo! It was a pleasant place, quiet, cloistered and shady; a good library was at hand; there was excellent tuition and perfect leisure; all the rational wants of life supplied; no carking cares to molest; no divided duties to distract; everything to make toil tolerable and study pleasant; and yet my young friend did not seem to appreciate my remark, when I said: "Ah! what would we old fellows give if we could now have four years of study in this pretty little room, without grim apprehension to molest us, and without a lurking sense of impending necessity to make us afraid!" I could not ask the musically-minded young gentleman if he was preparing for journalism, for that might have smelt of the shop; but I felt certain if he ever was enrolled in our office, that he would have a good deal to learn—and to unlearn!

Life is a lottery, and failure in any undertaking is doubtless commoner than success. But the difference between journalism and the other liberal professions is that in the former a slow and stupid man has hardly the ghost of a chance. A moderate clergyman finds a moderate congregation well enough pleased with his moderate sermons. There are the petty courts and the minor services of the office for the small lawyers. There are people who will be dosed and drenched by the quack doctor rather than not be physicked at all. But a quack, a bungler, an ignoramus in journalism has hardly the spectre of a chance; and a newspaper which can only employ an incompetent editor wants no editor at all. It rubs along in a happy-go-lucky style and does much better without original matter than it would probably do with a plentiful supply of it. A real newspaper, full to repletion of the very latest intelligence from all parts of the earth; palpitating with all that yesterday stimulated the world to action or thrilled the heart of humanity at home or in distant lands; telling the story of happiness or of misery everywhere; speaking of that which will hereafter make millions comfortable or wretched; discussing great questions of public policy upon which the fate of nations may depend; saying to every man who may look into it precisely what he may want to know; guiding the blind, instructing the ignorant and helping the helpless; denouncing wrong and outrage, falsehood and folly; giving that information without which the most careful may plunge into quagmires or tumble over precipices; assisting the possessor of thousands to become possessor of tens of thousands, or lifting the pauper to competence—such is that which has colored, shaped and illustrated this nineteenth century—such is the newspaper!

This daily miracle of the age is worked with such persistent uniformity that hackneyed observers have come to think of it as no miracle at all. Familiarity does not precisely breed contempt, but it much mitigates anything like profound veneration. It must be an easy matter, men say; else why is it so well done? I can answer the question briefly. It is because clever men are alone employed in the work, and the stupid are dismissed from it the instant they are weighed and found wanting. How many times in a year a stern editor has to say "No!" I could make a classification from my own observation which would be as full of ghosts as Ossian; as dreary as ——'s last elegy; as discouraging as destiny itself. What melancholy stuff has been brought to me to publish, with the suggestion that a small remuneration would not be unpalatable to the author, as if, small or large, it was ever unpalatable to anybody! There was the widow with two small children whose verses it was hard to decline; there was the poor girl who wanted to achieve an education, but who also wanted newspaper employment before she had achieved it, as if education in that department of labor were quite unnecessary; there were funny men, the most dismal of all, who promised us irrepressible vivacity and genuine American humor, the only thing which our admirable columns lacked; there were dreary old gentlemen, who having had losses proposed to make them up by furnishing us with articles on finance; and very odd it was that these should alway be upon finance; there were experts bristling with specialties, dramatic, musical, legal, medical, meteorological; and heaven help them! they all wanted to be editors or sub-editors or managing editors or assistant editors, or something of the kind! One mournful similarity I noticed. They were all egregiously huffed when their proposals were not eagerly and instantly accepted. Upon my word, I do not know any memories more doleful and dumpish than those which I have of this mournful train of aspirants for the honors and emoluments of journalism. I could send the boys and even the girls about their business, if they had any, without much compunction, but it was not so easy to dismiss the old, the needy, the gray-haired, and those who had failed without any future!

The highest prizes in the competitions of journalism are necessarily few; the neophyte may as well understand that his chances of being a great editor are not much better than that of his becoming President of the United States or Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. It is quite surprising to consider how few conductors of newspapers achieve wide reputation, or any fame which promises to be permanent. Not many of those who have made a noise and been most successful in journalism in this country are still remembered. Franklin himself has other monuments and a closer hold upon perennial fame than he acquired in the printing house. In Boston, I believe, they remember no old editors except Ben Russell, a hero of the Federal and Democratic wars; Joseph T. Buckingham who was honest and with a way of freeing his mind unmistakably in excellent English; and maybe Mr. Nathan Hale of *The Daily Advertiser*; in New-York a few ancient readers still speak of Webb and Stone, of King and Hale; while Greeley and Bennett and Raymond are the unforgotten ones of the profession in New-York. Of Washington editors, Gales and Seaton and the elder Blair are remembered, but who knows anything about Duff Green, very famous in his day? Newspapers now are numerous enough, but the very fact that they are so makes distinction all the more difficult. My advice to my young friends intending journalism is to resolutely banish from their heads all nonsense about becoming celebrated. Let them be content with distinction in the office in which they are employed! Let them be renowned within its walls for industry and for accuracy, for good copy and for dexterity, for alacrity and a cultivation of the amenities of life! Those who like a wider celebrity had better seek it in some other field. Let them run for Congress, or engage in a walking match or a starving match! Let them make a heap of money, and leave it to a library or a hospital! Let them appropriate a handsome amount of other people's cash and run away to Europe! Let them write books good enough to sell or bad enough to be good! There are a hundred ways to notoriety which some call fame, and even to genuine fame itself; but to most literary men who engage in journalism it must, in addition to the money which they earn, be its own exceeding great reward. Nor is there any reason for complaint. The majority of mankind do no better, seldom indeed so well.

The young men entering the profession must remember that there are better things than "broad rumor," or "the glistering foil set off to the world." To have given innocent pleasure; to have imparted valuable instruction; to have helped others even in an humble way to think correctly and to act rightly; to have done even a little in the work of abolishing bad institutions and of creating or strengthening good ones, will bring consolation when the shadows of life lengthen in a westering sun, and the business of existence, its toil, its triumph or its torment, is pretty well over.

Nor is the incognito of editorial writing so well preserved as I wish that it was, after all. I can promise young writers, if they do anything remarkable, that they will be found out, and may be glorified much more than is good for their tender constitutions. I like the work which is done well for the sake of doing it. I have moved about so long in the cloak of namelessness, that I have been rather shame-faced to have my name at the head of these papers so long. Habit is second nature, and one who has walked always in the shade does not relish an exhibition of himself in the meridian blaze. But for the encouragement of young journalists, I can assure them that a clever workman is always well known in the profession, and can usually command employment. There is a kind of free masonry in the calling. He who is least known to the world may have a great celebrity in the printing-offices, where a good reputaion is best worth having.

Let any newspaper writer bring care and character and marked individuality to his work, and those who persistently read the whole editorial page will soon come to know him by sight, if I may say so, if not by his name. They will inquire after him with a natural curiosity, and will not be put off without personal particulars. Do I fail into unpardonable egotism if I offer an illustration from my own memory? Here before me is a letter which I once received from a woman and widow quite unknown to me, written with charming naiveté and yet with perfect dignity, only to tell me how much the husband whom she had lost liked to read what I wrote; how he read it to her sometimes with tears, sometimes with loud laughter; how he was glad that the black bondman, for whom he had all his life himself been working, thinking and speaking, had a champion like THE TRIBUNE! The letter is a little yellow now with age, but it has not lost a particle of the costly fragrance of sympathy and of that perfect good breeding which comes of swift and, may be, of over-sufficient gratitude! Such a letter was worth much more than a year's money earnings to a man who never thought money the most important thing in this world of noble chances and of generous opportunities. Then, too, these readers, whom it will be possible for the young journalist in time to secure, will always be sending to the office recognition of his work, all unknown though he may be to them. "Give this," somebody once wrote from New-Hampshire, "to the author of the article on ——." It was a superb eagle feather, and I found it on my desk. You may be sure, my young friend, that you will get your little rewards as you go along! But, above all make your work a pleasure, and put your time, heart and conscience into it. Do not expect that everybody will like your articles as well as you like them yourself! That you know would hardly be natural. But do your best with them; make them honest and earnest; do not miss, if you can help it, that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin; and you may be sure, though you may miss wealth and fame and promotion and noisy plaudits, you will not miss readers, which, after all, is the main point, is it not?

One thing, however, I must mention in conclusion. For some reason or other, there is a tendency in literary circles to depreciate the dignity and value of our calling; and with this, my advice to the young journalist is to keep no terms. Always assert, modestly but firmly everywhere and upon all occasions, the importance and the usefulness of the profession, and do not allow this man because he has written a book or that man because he is famous in politics, in science or in any thing else, to speak contemptuously of our guild! Newspapers are no longer what they were in my youth; they employ if not the best at least the rarest kind of intellectual ability; they have the tastes, the progress and the peace of society much in their keeping, and he would say too much who should say that they are false to their trust. And so with this admonition, and with those which I have before given of careful preparation, of industry, of fidelity and truth, I conclude with a hundred good wishes to those who are hoping or expecting to fill the places which all my dear friends and associates must sooner or later leave vacant.

AN ENGLISH LADY AT ASCOT.

From Land and Water.

She beggared all description. A scarlet jersey of spun silk, laced at the back with gold fringe, and "ornamented" in the front with gold buttons; a scarlet satin train, with flounces, trimmed with gold buttons; a scarlet parasol, wreathed with yellow roses, and a Rembrandt hat to match. Her face was like mottled soap; her figure was what the Venus of Milo might have become at fifty-five, after a vigorous course of five meals a day, and "nips" and "snacks" at odd times.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND GIL BLAS.

From The Atlantic.

I don't think I feel much older; I'm aware I'm rather gray,
But so are many young folks; I meet 'em every day.
I confess I'm more particular in what I eat and drink,
But one's taste improves with culture; that is all it means, I think.

Can you read as once you used to? Well, the printing is so bad,
No young folks' eyes can read it like the books that once we had.
Are you quite as quick of hearing? Please to say that once again.
Don't I use plain words, your Reverence? Yes, I often use a cane,

But it's not because I need it,—no, I always liked a stick;
And as one might lean upon it, 'tis as well it should be thick.
Oh, I'm smart, I'm spry, I'm lively,—I can walk, yes, that I can,
On the days I feel like walking, just as well as you, young man!

Don't you get a little sleepy after dinner every day?
Well, I doze a little, sometimes, but that always was my way.
Don't you cry a little easier than some twenty years ago?
Well, my heart is very tender, but I think 'twas always so.

Don't you find it sometimes happens that you can't recall a name?
Yes,—I know such lots of people—but my memory's not to blame.
What! You think my memory's failing! Why, it's just as bright and clear,—
I remember my great-grandma! She's been dead these sixty year!

Is your voice a little trembly? Well, it may be, now and then,
But I write as well as ever with a good old-fashioned pen;
It's the Gillotts make the trouble,—not at all my finger-ends,—
That is why my hand looks shaky when I sign for dividends.

Don't you stoop a little, walking? It's a way I've always had—
I have always been round-shouldered ever since I was a lad.
Don't you hate to tie your shoe-strings? Yes, I own it,—that is true.
Don't you tell old stories over? I am not aware I do.

Don't you stay at home of evenings? Don't you love a cushioned seat
In a corner, by the fireside, with your slippers on your feet?
Don't you wear warm fleecy flannels? Don't you muffle up your throat?
Don't you like to have one help you when you're putting on your coat?

Don't you like old books you've dogs-eared, you can't remember when?
Don't you call it late at nine o'clock and go to bed at ten?
How many cronies can you count of all you used to know
That called you by your Christian name some fifty years ago?

How look the prizes to you that used to fire your brain?
You've reared your mound—how high is it above the level plain?
You've drained the brimming golden cup that made your fancy reel,
You've slept the giddy potion off—now tell us how you feel!

You've watched the harvest ripening till every stem was cropped,
You've seen the rose of beauty fade till every petal dropped,
You've told your thought, you've done your task, you've tracked your dial round,
—I backing down! Thank Heaven, not yet! I'm hale and brisk and sound,

And good for many a tussle, as you shall live to see;
My shoes are not quite ready yet—don't think you're rid of me!
Old Parr was in his lusty prime when he was older far,
And where will you be if I live to beat old Thomas Parr?

Ah, well—I know,—at every age life has a certain charm—
You're going? Come, permit me, please, I beg you'll take my arm.
I take your arm! Why take your arm? I'd thank you to be told;
I'm old enough to walk alone, but not so *very* old!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

CHINESE ETIQUETTE OF PUNISHMENT.

From Temple Bar.

The present representative of Confucius's family, as the only hereditary duke in China, is the only hereditary noble whose position the emperor, I believe, cannot meddle with. Princes, for instance, however high their rank, can be made or unmade by a stroke of the emperor's pen. On the 10th September, 1874, an imperial edict was published, setting forth that for eighteen months previously the language and tone of the emperor's uncle, the former prince regent, toward the emperor had been "in very many respects unbecoming." The edict goes on to say: "We therefore ordain that by special grace there be substituted for other punishment, deprivation of his imperial princedom of the first class with hereditary succession in the same degree forever, and that he be reduced to the grade of prince of the second degree. His son also is to be deprived of his rank as an admonition and punishment." Fancy a European prince "losing his stripes," like a sergeant, in this way! The fun of the thing was that, next day, two other documents appeared in *The Gazette*—one from the prince returning thanks for the emperor's clemency; and another from the emperor, in which it was stated that, at the request of the empresses, he had let the prince off with a warning to be more "diligent and careful" in future. So the sentence forever was rather out of place. The fact was that the prince and the empress-mother had quarrelled, and the latter had insisted on the emperor degrading him; as soon as it was done she began to think she had gone too far, so next day he was pardoned.

The mention made of returning thanks for an imperial punishment recalls the odd length to which this custom is carried. When it is desirable to get rid of some very influential official it is done in a most polite manner. He is not condemned to death. He only receives a neat parcel, containing a silken cord, with an imperial dispatch setting forth that, in consequence of his great virtues and many services, the emperor is graciously pleased to allow him to strangle or hang himself and the recipient is thereupon supposed to write a careful answer thanking his Majesty for his consideration, and stating that the hint will be immediately taken. As a rule, the unlucky writer does finish himself off with all dispatch.

But a case occurred when I was in Pekin which sadly outraged all feelings of Chinese court propriety. General Shang-yu, who, during the last China war, commanded the body of men which treacherously seized Sir Harry Parkes and several others under a flag of truce—most of the poor fellows dying afterward in great torment—was one of those indiscreet men whose tongues are too long for their safety. After the war he took a local command, and having once been rebuked by the empress-mother, indulged in some remarks about her character. Of course some kind friend told the empress, and some time afterward a subordinate of Shang-yu's charging him with some offence, he was ordered to the capital for trial. He came, boldly trusting to his great wealth to escape unpleasant consequences. He was lodged in prison, but allowed to do much as he liked, and some of his wives used to come and see him daily. He stayed there so long, and was so comfortable, that he began to think he had been forgotten, and in an evil hour he sent in a petition to be put at once on trial. The emperor Tankwong had died since his arrest, and the empresses were in reality governing through the regent prince Kung; and General Shang-yu little knew that his incautious remarks had been repeated.

When the petitions of the day were submitted to the junior empress, his was read, and he was ordered to be beheaded. There was nothing for it but to obey the empress's orders, and a decree "permitting" him to strangle himself was immediately drawn up and sent to him with the usual package of silken cord. But Shang-yu didn't take at all a proper view of his duties and he did not lend himself to the operation. It was not etiquette to call in the gaolers to strangle him, and the bearer of the bowstring and the governor of the gaol were hardly strong enough to cope with a tolerably muscular man who objected to letting them hang him. However, they got the cord round a beam, and after a long course of reasoning got him to mount a stool and put his neck in the noose. It must have been very much like Punch and Judy. For fear he should change his mind, they did not allow him to kick the stool away himself, as is customary, but pulled it away themselves, and when his wives came that day as usual to dinner, they were shown his corpse still hanging.

A FEMALE TRANSLATOR OF HORACE.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Classic attainments do not generally enter into our ideal notion of the modern Frenchwoman, but it is gratifying to learn that even in remote regions of Algeria female education is making an effort to keep up with the spirit of the age. A young lady, Algerian by birth, and the first lady student in the African colony who took the French degree corresponding to our B. A., has just distinguished herself as a translator of Horace. Mdlle. Cornebois, the accomplished translator, in conjunction with a young collaborateur, M. Maury, is a native of Constantine. This contribution to Algerian literature may be taken as a sign of the times.

The movement in favor of the higher education of women is at length taking root on French soil, and even rich merchants of Nantes and Bordeaux now begin to regard a "brevet," in other words a certificate (answering to that accorded by our local and higher examinations), as no mean contribution to the treasures of a "corbeille de noces." Among the fifty and odd Frenchwomen studying medicine in Paris may be mentioned Mdlle. de Benoit, of Poitiers, who four years ago stood foremost of all the candidates of both sexes for the "Bachelier ès Lettres et Sciences" of the department. Frenchwomen only want their fair chance, as such instances testify.

Quite a number of militia companies are preparing to camp out this Summer. Poor fellows, when the mosquitoes attack them they'll realize how it feels to bleed for one's country.—[Philadelphia Chronicle.

HOME INTERESTS.

THE MARKETS.

GAME—SMALL SUPPLY OF FISH—MEAT SELLING SLOWLY—VEGETABLES—PEACHES—APPLES—PEARS, FIGS AND BERRIES—BUTTER HIGHER, AND CHEESE IN SMALL SUPPLY.

There is very little game in market these days. There are a few Pennsylvania woodcock, indeed, but they make a timid appearance under the rose. The game law does not, of course, permit them to be sold until August 1, and consequently they are not offered for sale in the open market. A fine of $25 is imposed for every bird found in the hands of the dealers.

Stall-fed pigeons are $2 25 a dozen; squab $2 50. The Philadelphia Spring chickens are 28 and 30 cents a pound; Jersey and Long Island 25 cents. The Philadelphia fowls are 18 and 20 cents; the Long Island and Jersey fowls are much cheaper—only 16 cents. Turkeys and geese are 16, 18 and 20 cents; ducks, 20 cents.

Divers dealers in meats have lost heavily during the past few days, as the weather makes it difficult to keep their stock. The prices of beef are unchanged; veal is somewhat lower, as a large supply of live calves has been arriving. Forequarters are 7 to 9 cents, hindquarters 14 to 16 cents, cutlets 16 to 20 cents. Forequarters of Spring lamb cost 10 to 12 cents, hindquarters 14 to 16 cents. Forequarters of mutton are 8 to 10 cents, hindquarters 12 to 14 cents, chops 14 to 18 cents.

The nicest butter is hard to get and is higher in price. The best creamery butter sells at 26 cents, and the best State dairy at 24 and 25 cents. Cheese exporters have been buying up most of the stock arriving and the market is therefore far from rich in cheese. The best State factory cheese costs 12 cents a pound. Of the imported cheese the Swiss cheese sells at 28 cents a pound, the English dairy at 22 to 25 cents, and the Munster at 20 cents. The Edam cheeses are $1 20 each, and the Brie $1 50. Refined lard is 11 cents a pound; leaf lard 10. Fresh eggs are scarce and now cost 25 cents a dozen; Western and State, 18 and 20 cents. Goose eggs are 25 cents, and duck eggs are 20.

The prices of fish are high, as there is a light supply and an increased demand. There are plenty of fish in the sea, but the trouble is that all fishing points are without ice, and the finny creatures can't be got to market in good condition. Spanish mackerel is 15 cents a pound, salmon 30, striped bass 25, halibut 18, pompano 75, codfish 8 and blue-fish 10. For small-sized fresh mackerel 10 cents is asked; for the large sized 18 cents. Haddock is 6 cents a pound, sheepshead 30, weakfish 10, and sturgeon 8 and 10 cents. A variety called the "Lafayette fish" are now being caught in Gravesend Bay, and are sold at 10 cents. Soft shell crabs are $1 50 to $2 a dozen, and hard shells $3 a hundred. Frog's legs are 37 cents a pound. The Fish Commissioners just arriving from Berlin have brought with them some young red carp, which they expect to introduce in American waters.

The prices of vegetables are lower and are unsettled, as the supply is large and the demand not very great. Most of the green corn coming in is of poor quality; some of that offered, however, is nice and tempting as need be. Sweet corn sells at 20 to 25 cents a dozen ears. Green peas are scarce and are much higher, costing 50 cents a half peck. String-beans are 40 cents a half-peck, and potatoes 20 to 30 cents. Tomatoes are 15 to 25 cents a quart, and onions are 10 cents. Turnips are 6 to 7 cents a bunch, beets 5 cents, and radishes 2 cents. Marrow squash are 20 and 25 cents each, and Jersey egg-plant is sold at the same price.

Apples are coming to market in large quantities, and miserable things some of them are—so poor that the fruit inspectors have seized a good many "lots" as entirely unfit for use. The best Red Astrachans are sold at $2 to $2 50 a barrel, and Jersey Boughs at $1 to $2.

Peaches are beginning to arrive in a generous fashion that promises to fill the markets. Although Saturday is not usually a good day for this fruit, more than 5,000 baskets and crates of peaches came in yesterday from Maryland and Delaware alone. A good share of this supply was immediately shipped to other places. The best Crawford's from Georgia sell at $2 50 a box, holding one-third of a bushel. The best North Carolina peaches sell at $3 50 and $4 a bushel crate. Those peaches coming from Delaware and Maryland are chiefly Hale's Early, most of which are small and green. They cost $1 50 to $2 a basket.

There are not many pears in market, and the choice ones are eagerly bought. Clapp's Favorites sell at $5 and $6 a crate; Manning's Elizabeth's and Jargonelles at $3 50 to $4; Bell pears at $1 to $1 50 a half-bushel; and cooking pears at $3 50 to $4 a barrel. There are some Damson plums coming in from Maryland and selling at 15 cents a quart;—there are no better preserves than those of damsons. Wild goose plums are 20 to 24 cents a quart, and beach plums 10 to 12 cents. Blackberries are scarce. The Jersey Lawtons sell at 10 and 15 cents a quart. Raspberries are also scarce and not of remarkable quality. The Red Antwerps cost 8 to 10 cents a cup, the natives 4 to 6 cents, and the Delaware Brandywines 7 to 9 cents a pint. There are plenty of whortleberries at 6 to 10 cents a quart. Currants, which are now poor, cost from 4 to 10 cents. Apricots from up-river cost from 20 to 50 cents a quart.

Oranges are scarce and are high, selling at from 40 to 75 cents a dozen. Pineapples are also higher, costing 10 to 20 cents each. There are a few bunches of poor Southern grapes to be had. Florida green figs are selling at 25 to 30 cents a quart. Watermelons sell at 25 to 75 cents, according to size and quality. Jenny Lind muskmelons cost 10 20 cents each.

Granulated sugar is now 10 cents a pound; pulverized and cut-loaf $10\frac{1}{2}$ cents; crushed, $10\frac{1}{4}$ cents; and the "A" coffee sugar, $9\frac{3}{4}$ cents. Mocha coffee is 33 [illegible] 35 cents; Java, 30 to 32 cents; Maracaibo, 25 [illegible] 28 cents; and Rio, 22 to 25 cents. Oolong tea is 30 to 50 cents a pound; English breakfast, 50 to 80 cents; and young Hyson and Japan, 50 cents. New-Orleans molasses is 70 cents a gallon; and syrup, 40 and 50 cents. Raisins are 16 to 20 cents a pound; pepper, 25 cents; tapioca, 8 cents; currants, $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents; and dessicated cocoanut, 28 cents.

Menu for a little dinner:

Sevigné Soup.
Broiled Spanish Mackerel.
Lamb Chops with Peas.
Roast Chicken. Potatoes en Caisse.
Green Corn.
Nasturtium Salad.
Edam Cheese. Wafers.
Mold of Vanilla Cream and Lemon Ice. Raspberries and Cream.
Watermelon.
Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

SEVIGNE SOUP.—Cut some carrots and a small onion into small, thin pieces, and cook them in salted water; cook also a handful of tender green peas. Add them when done to three pints of boiling hot stock, made of chicken and free from grease; put in also a few tarragon leaevs, minced. Then beat up together the strained yolks of four eggs and a gill and a half of cream; stir into them a little of the soup; then quickly stir in the rest of the soup off the fire, and serve. Serve with it pilot biscuit instead of bread.

MAITRE D'HOTEL BUTTER.—Spread your broiled mackerel with this butter, which is easily enough made. Take a piece of fresh butter, the size of an egg; chop into exceeding fineness two or three sprigs of parsley, and amalgamate thoroughly with the butter, adding the juice of half a lemon, and some pepper and salt.

CALF'S HEAD EN FRITURE.—Take some slices from the thick part of a calf's head, trim them nicely to the shape veal cutlets are usually cut; simmer them for about ten minutes in a little stock with a small bouquet of sweet herbs, shalots and parsley, salt and pepper to taste. When they have simmered for ten minutes take the pieces carefully out with a drainer and lay them on a clean napkin. When they are freed from all moisture dip each into a little well-beaten egg, then bread-crumb with crumbs that have been flavored with a teaspoonful of grated Parmesan cheese, a suspicion of grated lemon peel and a little salt; redip them into egg, and bread-crumb once more. Have ready in a clean frying pan some boiling lard, and then fry carefully each piece. Pile the pieces high up on a clean napkin, and garnish with fried parsley; serve while very hot.

GRATED HAM SANDWICHES.—Grate finely as much well-cooked ham as you are likely to use, flavor it with a very little cayenne and some nutmeg. Roll out some good puff paste very thinly, cut it into two perfectly even portions, prick in one or two places to prevent it rising too highly, and bake in a quick oven till of golden brown. Then take out and let it stand till cool, when spread a little fresh butter over the whole. This should not be done till the paste is perfectly cool. Now spread the grated ham evenly over the paste, lay the second piece of puff paste over it, and with a very sharp knife cut into small-sized sandwiches.

LITTLE RICE PUDDINGS.—Boil two large tablespoonsful of rice in half a pint of milk till thick. Then add a good piece of butter, a pint of sweet cream and let it boil up once. When this is cold put in sugar, nutmeg, cinnamon and grated nutmeg to taste, with the well-beaten yolks of four eggs and the whites of two. Butter some small cups, fill them with the mixture, and bake three-quarters of an hour in rather a slow oven. Serve hot with a sweet sauce, putting a spoonful of peach marmalade, quince jelly, or berry preserves on the top of each pudding.

SWEETBREAD FRITTERS.—Cut some previously parboiled sweetbreads into slices half an inch thick. Scatter over these slices a little lemon juice, chopped parsley, pepper, salt and nutmeg. Dip them into batter and fry in hot lard. Drain, arrange them on a napkin in a platter and serve with parsley garnishing.

SPINACH GREENING.—This greening, which is used to color soups, etc., is made thus: Pound a quantity of spinach in a mortar, put the pulp in a cloth, and, by twisting it at both ends extract the juice, to which add a quarter of its weight of loaf sugar, and lay it in a double kettle to reduce to one half. When quite cold, put it into a small bottle.

POTATOES EN CAISSE.—Wash some large fine potatoes of a mealy sort and bake them. When done cut a small hole in the top of each and carefully scoop out the whole of the inside; mash this very fine, in a saucepan over the fire, mixing with it a large tablespoonful of butter and a generous quantity of cream. Salt and white pepper it to taste and stir in the whipped whites of two eggs. Fill up the skins of the potatoes with the mixture. Set them into the oven for a few moments and serve in a folded napkin. This recipe is adapted to six large potatoes; the proportions may be varied.

THE YOUTH OF JUDAH P BENJAMIN.

From The New-Orleans Democrat.

Benjamin was a native of Santa Cruz, one of the islands of the British West Indies. His father emigrated to Charleston with a large family when Judah Philip was an infant. Settling in Charleston, the elder Benjamin devoted himself assiduously to the support and education of his large family, composed of sons and daughters of remarkably bright and promising qualities. Judah, almost from his infancy, displayed his wonderful gifts of memory, quickness in acquiring knowledge, his versatility and the vivacity of faculties and temper that have been preserved to nearly three score and ten. He learned everything with a rapidity which astounded his family and friends. Before he had entered his teens he possessed an amount of literary acquirements which would fit him to enter any college. He needed no teachers and few books. His parents were poor, but a good old Israelite, an uncle, attracted by his wonderful precocity, assumed the payment of a college term, and he was, at the age of sixteen, sent to Yale College. In a brief period after his entrance at Yale he achieved the highest place in all his classes, and amazed the professors by his proficiency and capacity of mastering every department of learning and science.

Involved through some of his associates in a college scrape, Benjamin had the misfortune to become a martyr of the folly and recklessness of his companions, and to suffer expulsion therefor. His withdrawal from the college was deeply regretted by the professors, who regarded him as their brightest pupil. He was offered restoration, but through pride refused, and betook himself to some village in Vermont, where he engaged as an assistant tutor in a small school. In this humble and wearisome occupation he passed two years, carefully laying by his small earnings to pay the expense of returning home. Finally he returned to Charleston and rejoined his family. His good old uncle, Jacob Levy, again proffered his aid to embark his young nephew in a new sphere.

THE RICH MEN OF PARIS.

From The Globe.

The wealth which accumulates in Paris is of a kind which it is naturally most difficult to estimate at its true value. Of a dozen persons, each of whom spend £10 a day, one may be a millionaire with capital invested in land or in the funds; another a successful shopkeeper; a third a provincial who has saved up ten years' income for a single escapade in the capital; and so on down to the men who have won prizes in a State lottery or backed a série at Monaco. To apply any real and sufficient test to all these various expenders of money, whereby to establish the scale of fortune which each may be supposed to possess, is obviously a task to puzzle even a French statistician. Yet it has been undertaken lately by M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, who, in the *Economiste Français*, attempts to calculate approximately the number of rich persons actually living in Paris.

He takes as his principal basis of calculation the value of the houses in the French capital, and upon these figures builds up his theory, on the assumption that the less wealthy inhabitants spend about one-sixth of their income in house-rent, while the richer householders spend on an average from one-eighth to one-tenth. It will be easy for those who agree with him to follow out the theory when they have the following list of rents, as extracted from an official source. It appears that there are 10,000 private houses or apartments the rent of which ranges from $800 to $1,600 a year; 3,000 between $1,600 and $2,700; and 1,400 between the latter sum and $5,400. Finally, there are 421 houses, or rather palaces, the rent of which exceeds $5,400. It is not necessary to follow out the sums by which the income of these various classes of rich men is traced out, but it may suffice to say that M. Beaulieu reckons that there are about 8,000 persons in Paris who spend incomes of $10,000 and upward; and this will be seen by the aid of the figures already given to be fully borne out by the facts. The conclusion is also supported by the returns of horses and carriages kept in the capital, which show that there are from 7,500 to 8,000 persons who keep private horses. It is not an unfair assumption that on the average, taking one with another, the inhabitants who drive their own horses are persons in the possession of at least $10,000 a year. But this excludes obviously the whole list of fashionable visitors who come with their equipages merely for a few days or weeks at a time.

GOVERNOR LONG'S SEASHORE HOME.

From The Boston Herald.

A short drive through village streets lined with houses of various epochs—some of the old broad mansions of colonial days interspersed among newer neighbors—brings us to a series of low hills overlooking Hingham Bay. On one of these sightly elevations stands the Governor's house, a brown, gambrel-roofed villa of two and a half stories. The roof is painted a dark red, and lacks just three gables of the number of Hawthorne's mysterious house. A spacious veranda, up which vines gracefully climb, runs around two sides of the house. The grounds are dotted on the hill slopes with young trees, and down by a large gray rock is a little glen where the Governor's two light-haired girls, Helen and Margaret, have an out-door playhouse.

In 1869 he built his house, and thither, in the following year, he brought his bride, a cultivated and charming lady, whose strength does not permit her to share the social duties of her husband; but Mrs. Long is the light of a happy home, and, like Mrs. Garfield, finds ample content in her children and husband. The villa at Hingham is a delightful home, open to the sea-breeze and the sunshine on every side. The cheerful, home-like interiors bespeak a woman's gentle taste, and the utilitarianism of more comfort, though never lost sight of in the furnishings, yields a trifle to the demands of an æsthetic eye. The halls are laid with hard wood, and in all the house there is not a gloomy space. In the sitting-room and parlors may be found many evidences of a cultivated art taste, portfolios of engravings and photographs, the latest books and handy volume series, for ready use, of Shakespeare and Molière, the latter a quaint little edition in many volumes, imprinted in Paris in 1815. Up stairs is the children's nursery, a large, square, sunny room, a real indoor playroom, with cunning little pictures on the walls and two merry little maidens for occupants.

Like another bookish public man of Massachusetts, Governor Long has his "den" up under the gambrel roof, a veritable literary eyry, with a window view of the sea and Fort Warren nearer at hand. The room is tastefully furnished. There is a bright carpet on the floor and a number of ancient chairs, painted vermilion, give a cheery tone of color to the room. The Governor's study table is a relic of Revolutionary days. It is a round centre table, such as our ancestors delighted in, with slender, carved legs, and not a little solidity withal. This table was once owned by General Heath, one of Washington's bravest and most useful Major-Generals, commissioned by Massachusetts to command part of its quota of 12,000 minute men. At one side of the room are ranged a number of low, open bookcases, in which are many of the Governor's college text-books, books some of which may even now be in use among Harvard's students. One of the most precious memorials of Governor Long's college days is a series of bound volumes of his father's letters written to his student son. The Governor's father was a man of decided literary tastes and, in the bent of the son's mind, a Galton would recognize the influence of heredity. A number of journals, diligently kept by the father, are filled with literary notes and thoughtful judgments of contemporary authors.

Chatting in this aerial study the Governor remarks, apropos of a question as to his supposed penchant for the classics, that a man often unwittingly acquires a reputation for what he is not. He adds, by way of explanation: "When I was at college, mathematics and not the classics was my strong point." So the translator of Virgil was nearer to be a figure—compelling astronomer than a gentle Latinist! The Governor's favorite English authors are Burke and Macaulay, and he is a constant reader of the reviews and papers.

On going down stairs we go out on the veranda. At our right are the picturesque and tumble-down old wharves, relics of the days when Hingham bravely led Massachusetts sea towns in the mackerel fishery. Nearer at hand, and directly in front of the Governor's door, lies stranded a wrecked schooner, the last of Hingham's mackerel fleet. The wreck makes the picture complete, and is an artistic foil for the smart, jaunty little steamer, which, with all its brasswork shining bright, comes puffing in to discharge freight and passengers.

THE DEATH OF ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

A Georgia Colonel in The Cincinnati Enquirer.

On Sunday, the 6th day of April, 1862, Johnston, with his eager army, began his fateful fight. He handled his ardent army with brilliant skill and impetuosity. Whenever there was a pause in the onward movement he led the charge in person. To those who saw him that day, as the writer did, in all the glorious fever of that delirious success, mounted upon a magnificent steed, his massive figure seeming to enlarge to gigantic size with the ardor of battle, his face aflame with his indomitable spirit of fight, he was the ideal embodiment of the fiery essence of war. He threw himself with reckless indifference into danger. And the last charge that broke the Federal position was led by him in person under a perfect blaze of flame and hail, his horse shot in four places, his clothes pierced, his boot-sole cut by a minie, but his person untouched. It was in this supreme moment of victorious onset, a decisive triumph seemingly and surely in his eager grasp, that a fatal bullet struck him, a small wound under the knee, severing the popliteal artery.

Governor Harris, of Tennessee, who was on his staff, rode up to him, seeing him reel in his saddle, and holding him steady, asked him: "General, are you wounded?" He replied deliberately and with emphasis: "Yes, and I fear seriously." He was lifted to the ground. His boot was full of blood, and the life current pouring out beyond recall. He never spoke again. General Preston knelt by him, and asked him passionately: "Johnston, do you know me?" General Johnston smiled faintly. Lying in a ravine out of the merciless bullets, he was dead in twinkling.

Could General Johnston have had immediate medical attention he would have survived. His staff surgeon was Dr. David W. Yandell, of Kentucky, and he was away from him under circumstances that constitute the most touching and beautiful feature of this romantic death. The Federals, in retreating, left, of course, their wounded behind. In riding forward General Johnston came across a squad of wounded Federal officers and soldiers. Stopping, he kindly addressed them, and asked if any were badly wounded. Then, turning to his staff, he remarked: "It nearly breaks my heart to see men in that uniform suffering. Doctor," addressing Yandell, "do stop and see if you can do something for these poor fellows."

Dr. Yandell stopped on this humane mission, and General Johnston owed his death to the absence of skill and instruments, and this absence was due to his tender humanity to the wounded foe—a humanity the more striking because it was exhibited in all the excitement of battle.

MOTTOES AND DEVICES.

From Galignani.

Royal families, princes, nobles, provinces, towns, and chivalry orders have all possessed coats of arms, armorial bearings, and devices like the private individuals of our period. Some are deserving of notice for their originality, laconism, or philosophical sense. Amongst the principal we may quote the Bourbons of France, whose motto is, *Lilia non laborant neque nent* (Lilies neither toil nor spin); Great Britain's device is, *Dieu et mon droit*; the Order of the Garter is, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; that of the Netherlands, *Je maintiendrai*; that of Austria, A.E.I.O.U., which stands for, *Austriæ est imperari orbi universo* (To Austria belongs the command of the whole world). Italy's device is F.E.R.T., for *Fortitudo ejus Rhodum tenint* (Her bravery saved Rhodes); that of Portugal is, *In hoc signo vinces* (By this sign shalt thou conquer). In Scotland the motto is, *Pro lege et pro grege* (For the law and the herd); that of Hanover used to be *Suscipere et finire* (Undertake and end); that of Saxony, *Bona causa tandem triumphat* (The good cause triumphs at last). Denmark has for device, *Dominus mihi adjutor* (The Lord my help). Turkey has *Allah! Allah!*

The French device has been altered according to the different sovereigns. Pharamond's motto was, *Imperium sine fine dedi* (I have formed a boundless Empire)—that was the first; the Bourbons' last sentence was *Dieu sauve la France*. Catherine de Médicis had a rainbow with the Greek motto, *It carries light or peace.*. The motto of John Calvin was, *Prompte et sincere* (Promptly and faithfully); that of Hugo Grotius, *Ruit hora* (Time flies). Descartes' motto was *Qui bene latuit bene vixit* (He who has lived modestly has lived well); Saint Vincent de Paul's, *Charitas*; Saint Charles Boromée's, *Humilitas*; Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and after him Marat, took Juvenal's sentence, *Vitam impendere vero* (To stake one's life for the truth), for device; Maréchal Bugeaud, Duke d'Islay, had, *Ense et aratro* (By the sword and the plough); Rothschild, *Concordia, industria, integritas*.

The Freemasons have *Omnibus unus* (One for all); the Jesuits' device is A.M.D.G., *Ad majorem dei gloriam* (For the Lord's greater glory). The French Academy's motto is *A l'Immortalité*; the Académie des Sciences, *Invenit et perfecit* (It has discovered and improved); the City of Paris, *Fluctuat nec mergitur* (It floats but never sinks); the town of Marseilles *Actibus immensis urbs fulget massilensis* (The City of Marseilles is famous for the great things she has accomplished). The French and Latin languages are most employed; Greek is scarcely found in mottoes. The French have no English devices, whilst a majority of English devices are in French.

BALLADE TO THEOCRITUS IN WINTER.

Ah! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar
Of London, and the bustling street,
For still, by the Sicilian shore,
The murmur of the Muse is sweet,
Still, still the suns of Summer greet
The mountain grave of Helikê,
And shepherds still their songs repeat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

What though they worship Pan no more,
That guarded once the shepherd's seat,
They chatter of their rustic lore,
They watch the wind among the wheat;
Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat
Where whispers pine to cypress tree;
They count the waves that idly beat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea.

Theocritus! thou canst restore
The pleasant years, the over-fleet;
With thee we live as men of yore,
We rest where running waters meet;
And then we turn unwilling feet
And seek the world—so must it be—
We may not linger in the heat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

ENVOY.

Master,—when rain, and snow, and sleet,
And northern winds are cold, to thee
We come, we rest in thy retreat,
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!

A. LANG.

ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Scribe's departure from the truth of history is not perhaps above the average in such cases; but his play is unsatisfactory and even somewhat repulsive to any one who knows the true Adrienne—"her whose great merit, both on the stage and in life, was that she was truth, nature, and simplicity itself." She was born in 1690, at Fismes, between Rheims and Soissons. Her real name was Couvreur, to which the "Le" was subsequently added for euphonic reasons. Born in a relatively low station (her father was a hatter in a small town) she had one of those rich, spontaneous natures which do not seem to need education. From her earliest youth she showed great talent in reciting verse, and at fifteen took the part of Pauline in Corneille's "Polyeucte" in private theatricals, for which a grocer in the Rue Feron lent his premises. Her real apprenticeship on the stage took place in the provinces, and it was only in 1717, when she was twenty-seven years old, that she appeared in Paris, a consummate and original *actrice*. No words, we are told, can describe the éclat and brilliancy of her début; and it was said that she began where others ended. An extraordinary yet natural dignity of carriage which gave her the appearance of a real queen amid the vulgar populace of the stage, a voice of exquisite harmony, a handsome form and face, with eyes "full of fire" were some of the qualities by which she rivited her audience. But she showed her orginality by two innovations in the histrionic art. Up to her time it had been the custom on the French stage to declaim voice in a sort of recitative or chant. She replaced this stilted style by a natural and impressive speech, doing at the same time, full justice to the metre. A greater achievement was the expressive intelligence and delicacy of her by-play—the art of listening and acting while saying nothing. For thirteen years she filled the Paris stage with a radiance and charm which surprised the public as something novel and extraordinary. She was a most conscientious artist, never allowing languor or ill health (from which she suffered much) to interfere with her engagements, and ended by being surrounded with a respect and homage such as had never before been accorded to any *actrice*.

It is, indeed, off the stage that the romance and indefinable charm of Adrienne Lecouvreur properly begin to emanate, and have lent that grace and perfume to her harmonious name which still reach us across one hundred and fifty years. She was not only a great actress, she was a good tender-hearted high-minded woman. Before her those of her profession, and especially of her sex, were a class of tolerated outcasts, from whom a Pharisaical world was content to derive its pleasure, but which it despised as unworthy to touch the hem of its garment. Adrienne, by her lofty simplicity of life and manners, brought down this insolence till at last, as is usual with insolence, it grovelled at her feet. Not only men, but the highest dames in Paris, crowded to her salon. "It is now the fashion," she writes to a friend, "to dine or sup at my house, because a few duchesses have thought fit to confer on me this honor." It is regrettable, but will be in no way surprising to those who have studied the history of manners, to learn that the duchesses showed themselves on these occasions very ill-bred, and passed remarks on their graceful hostess which she was too quick not to hear and too proud to notice. She lived in a small house which had once been inhabited by the poet Racine, in the Rue des Marais Saint-Germain. There it was her pleasure and relaxation, after the fashionable ladies had retired, to receive a choice circle of intimate and tried friends, with whom she could converse with ease and frankness. "I do not find that numbers make up for the want of personal worth. I do not care to shine, and I have a hundred times more pleasure in saying nothing and hearing good conversation, in being surrounded by good and sensible people, than in being bewildered by all the mawkish flatteries which are showered upon me." Fontenelle and Voltaire were among her guests. In spite of her liberal mode of life, Adrienne amassed a large fortune for those days and died worth 300,000 francs, which fact those who estimate at their true value the qualities implied by judicious expenditure may be inclined to consider the most striking evidence of her sterling and self-contained character.

NO WONDER.—The shallow water on Galveston bar, which so seriously impedes the commerce of the island city, is a matter of solicitude to every citizen. Yesterday a man was getting his photograph taken. The photographer had given him the final chuck under the chin, and, drawing off the black cloth and looking away himself, said, as usual: "Now, assume a pleasant expression. Imagine there is thirty feet of water on Galveston bar." When the photographer came to examine the negative he was astounded to find the picture of a man suffering from cramp colic and scowling with rage. It seems the man who was asked to smile at thirty feet of water on Galveston bar was a citizen of Houston, the rival Texas seaport of Galveston.—[Galveston News.